

Professor we loved were being gradually broken, there seemed to be no thought of books, no impulse to work, even in the heart of the most ambitious. The calm and sorrow which prevailed among the students then, were significant of his worth and the esteem he had gained in the class-room and among the students in general.

The regular attendance at his lectures showed the importance the students attached to them. The announcement that Dr. Fenwick was to perform an operation would bring nearly every student in medicine to the amphitheatre. On Friday, previous to his death, we saw him last at an operation, and the amphitheatre never before held so many students. Even then the hated poison was busy at its fatal work, yet the Doctor, unconscious of its end, was brighter and more enthusiastic than usual.

On that afternoon we listened to his last lecture, when he reviewed the technique of the operation. As he reviewed such operations we can all hear him say of a successful one, "Everything is going on lovely." When he died, the student's loss could not be estimated, for students in the past have gone forth conscious of their thorough equipment to meet all the ailments connected with his work. It was an inspiration to the present students to know that they would also go out equipped with like knowledge. His teaching did not end with graduation. He always invited the students to report to him cases met with in their practice, and proffered his help and advice. It was such sympathy with his class that gave him his magnetic influence. For no student could sit in his class, see his enthusiastic manner and bright spirit, and fail to feel that in the Doctor he had a sympathetic friend and teacher. No one who has seen his eyes sparkle with enthusiasm but sees them yet.

The blessings conferred on suffering humanity, the knowledge imparted to others, the rooms in the Hospital, and many other generous deeds will perpetuate his memory for many years, but the genial manner, the man himself, will never cease to live in the hearts of his classes.

MILTON'S SONNET—THE WALDENSES.

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold:
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

LITERATURE.

AGAMEMNON.

A PORTION OF A PAPER READ BEFORE THE LITERARY
AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY BY GEO. E. DYDE, B.A.

AESCHYLUS, the father of the Greek drama, was born at Eleusis in Attica, in the year 525 B.C. His early education was connected with the Eleusinian worship, through which he gained admittance to the higher forms of knowledge. But that which called forth his enthusiasm and patriotism beyond everything else, and was the soil from which his genius sprang, was the deadly struggle of his country against the innumerable armies of the Persians.

Aeschylus himself, the soldier poet, fought at Marathon, and was conspicuous for bravery at the sea fight off Salamis. He regarded the invasion of Greece as a struggle between the powers of light and darkness, and the wonderful victories of the Greeks he did not ascribe to chance, but felt that they were the triumph of the higher principles of equity, loyalty and mercy, which were not only the bonds of civic and national life, but were also the secret of Athenian glory.

Aeschylus' love for his country and interest in its higher life were intense, and formed one of the uppermost feelings in his breast. In the play of the *Eumenides*, which is particularly interesting from a political point of view, Athena, who institutes and presides over the court of the Areopagus, says to Orestes, coming to her as a suppliant:

"Thou art come unto my town
Not unaneled, a harmless suppliant
And cleansed; yet, ere thou art called my citizen
I would have thee clean from every shadow of blame."
And a little further on she bids Orestes to bring forward his witnesses and proof—

"While I call forth from that holy Athens here
My citizens of noblest note to give,
On this great plea, their true arbitrament
With righteous thoughts not swerving from the truth."
Such are the duties and responsibilities, the integrity and uprightness, the high spiritual endowments which, in the eye of Aeschylus, every citizen of Athens should possess.

A year or two before his death, Aeschylus left Athens. He spent some time at the court of Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse in Sicily, and was buried in that foreign land, and an inscription was written to his memory.

"Here Aeschylus lies from his Athenian home
Remote, 'neath Gela's wheat-producing loam;
How brave in battle was Euphorion's son,
The long-haired Mede can tell who fell at Marathon."

Thus he was honoured in his death as a patriot and soldier, rather than as a poet living to all time.

Under the hand of Aeschylus the drama undergoes a marked development. The earlier plays, the